

MARVEL®



# DAREDEVIL

60¢  
211  
OCT  
02459

APPROVED BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE  
AUTHORITY





# "THIS HUNGRY GOD"

YOU CAN'T  
GO IN--  
MAMP

WHERE IS HE?  
WHERE IS THE  
RUMOR MONGER?  
WHERE IS  
MARCO?

Story-Denny O'Neil  
Pencils-David Mazzucchelli  
Inks-Danny Bulanadi  
Lettering-Joe Rosen  
Coloring-George Roussos  
Editor-Bob Budiansky  
Editor in Chief-Jim Shooter

"FOR I DESIRED  
MERCY AND NOT  
SACRIFICE."

-HOSEA 6:2











MEANWHILE, AT A LARGE, MIDTOWN HOTEL.





ONE FURTHER ITEM, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. I CAN NOW ANNOUNCE THAT THE LAW FIRM OF NELSON AND MURDOCK HAS OBTAINED A COURT ORDER RESTRAINING DAREDEVIL FROM ANY FURTHER HARASSMENT OF MICAH SYNN.

I MUST SAY I PERSONALLY APPLAUD THIS ACTION.

AT THAT MOMENT...

...OF COURSE YOU CAN'T CONTROL THE BLEEDING--

--AS YOU SAY, WHATEVER IN THE WORLD MADE YOU THINK YOU COULD?

I COULD ONCE, SORT OF... A TEACHER OF MINE, A MAN NAMED STICK-- HE WARNED ME.

SAID I WAS TWO THINGS AND I'D HAVE TO BECOME ONE OR THE OTHER OR I'D END UP BEING NEITHER.

MAYBE THAT'S WHAT'S HAPPENING.

SURE, AN' WHAT YOU ARE IS TALKIN' NONSENSE.

NOT THAT I BLAME YOU. BEIN' MUGGED AS YOU WERE MUST BE A TERRIBLE SHOCK.

I'D BETTER HIT THE ROAD. THANKS FOR THE FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE NUMBER, GLORI.

MATTHEW, I DON'T THINK YOU SHOULD BE GOIN' INTO THE NIGHT, IN THE SORRY SHAPE I SEE YOU IN. YOU COULD SLEEP ON THE SOFA.

NEXT TIME I'M KNIFEED, I'LL TAKE YOU UP ON THAT.



OUTSIDE...

THE KIND OF DAY I'VE  
HAD, I'M SURPRISED  
MY COSTUME IS  
STILL HERE--



--AND SOME  
WINO ISN'T  
SPORTING  
CLASSY NEW  
RED THREADS.



USUALLY THIS MAKES  
ME FEEL GOOD--ALIVE...  
SKIPPING ACROSS THE  
TOP OF THE CITY.

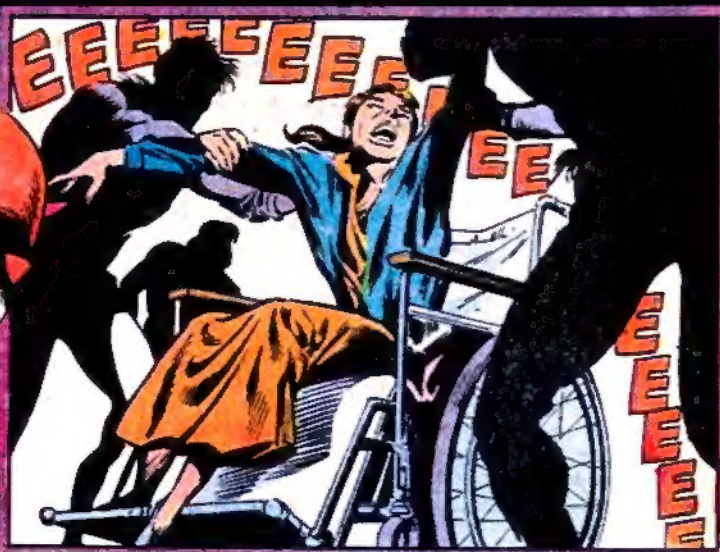
BUT NOW...NOT SO.  
I'M WOZZY...LOST  
TOO MUCH BLOOD,  
I GUESS.

I SHOULD HAVE ACCEPTED  
GLORIANNA'S OFFER.



MY OFFICE IS JUST  
AHEAD, THOUGH. I'LL  
CRASH THERE FOR  
A FEW HOURS.

EH--? SOMEONE  
SCREAMING!





THAT'S MY SECRETARY--BECKY!  
SHE MUST BE WORKING LATE...  
AND SHE'S IN TROUBLE!



# KHREESH



LEATHER, FUR CLOTHING:  
MICAH SYNN'S MEN.



THREE OF  
THEM.



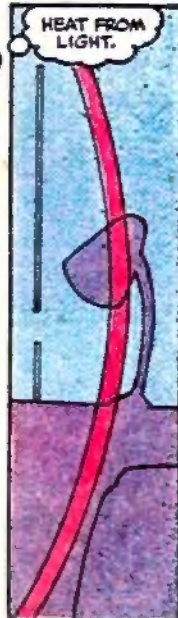
BECKY'S  
CHAIR.



BREEZE  
FROM OPEN  
DOOR.



HEAT FROM  
LIGHT.



I KNOW FROM EXPERIENCE THAT THESE GUYS  
ARE FAST AND MEAN, AND NASTY. WITH  
BECKY ALREADY GONE,  
I CAN'T BOTHER--

# KYCK



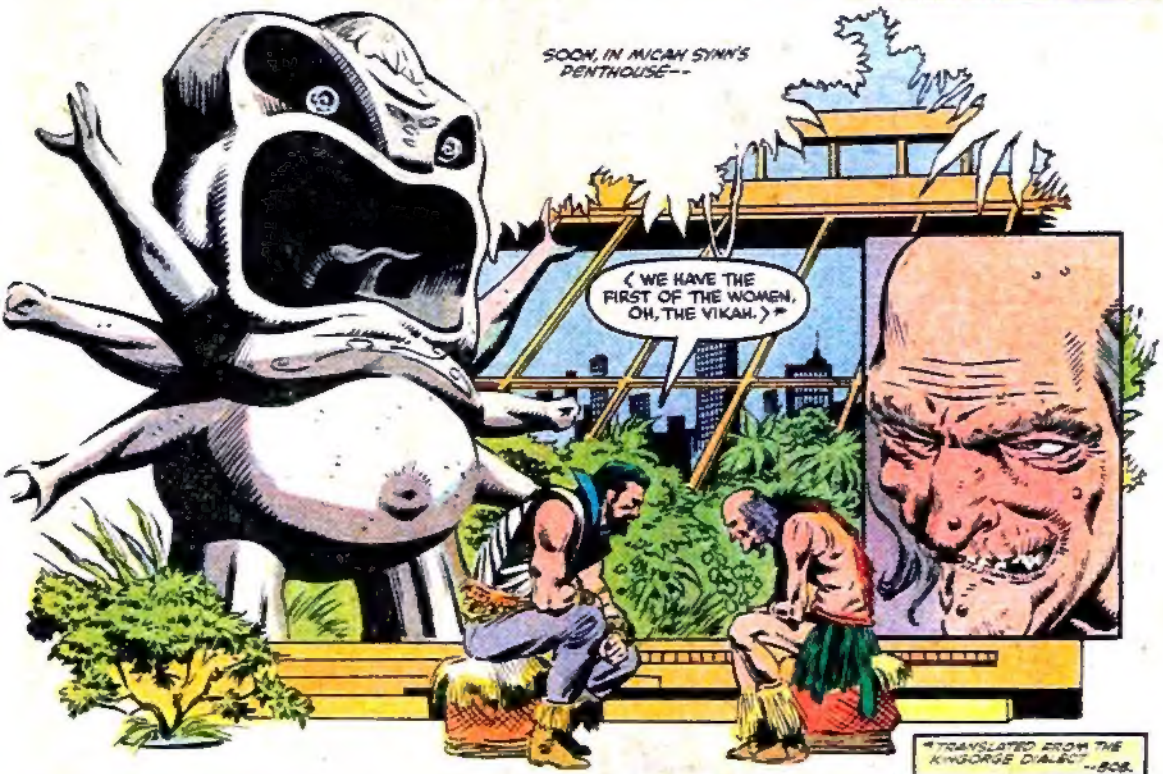
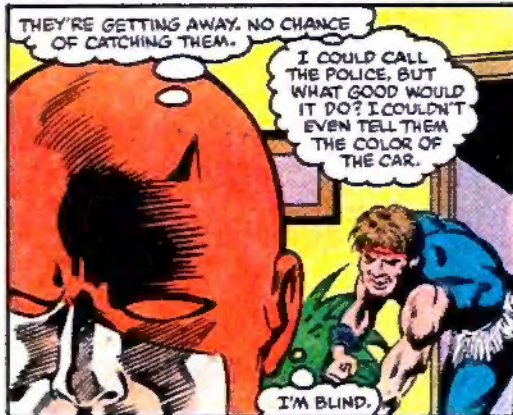
--TALKING  
TO THEM.



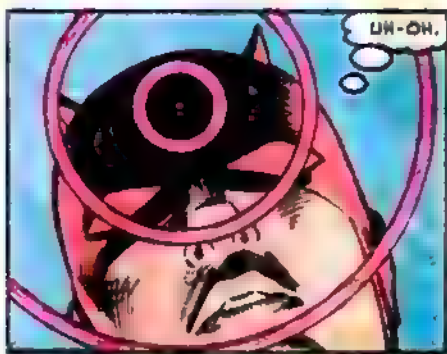




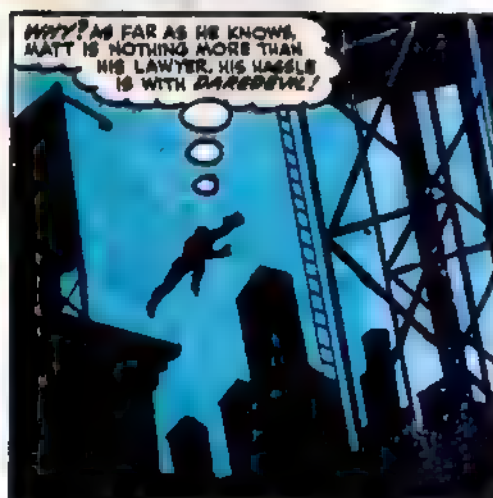
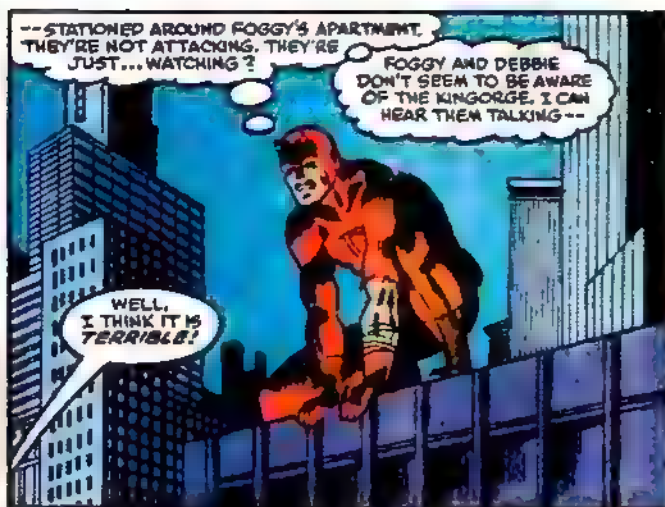
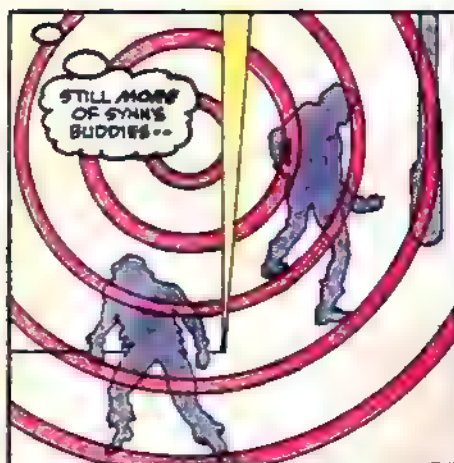


















SEVERAL MILES UPTOWN...



ONE MAN IN ALL OF NEW YORK MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP ME. JUST ONE. AND I HATE TO ASK HIM!

BUT IT FIGURES THAT HE'S BEEN KEEPING TABS ON MICAH AND MAYBE HE'LL BE WILLING TO TELL ME WHERE BECKY MIGHT BE.

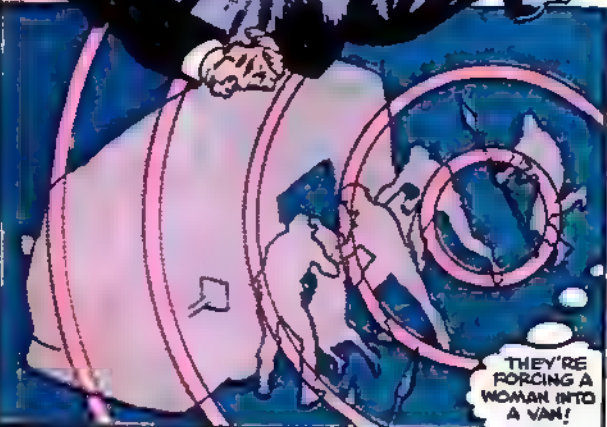


SO I'VE GOT TO SWALLOW MY PRIDE AND GO TO THE KINGPIN--

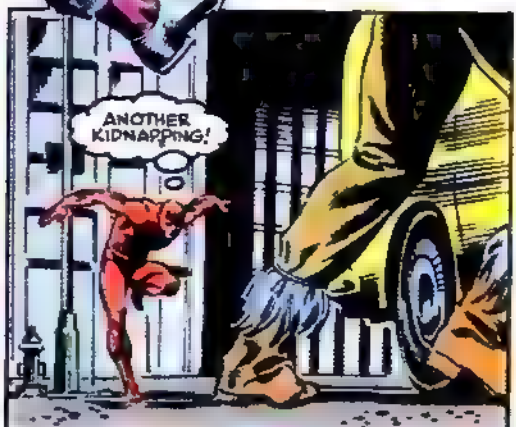


SHOTS!

THE KINGPIN'S BODYGUARDS... FIRING AT THOSE RUNNING MEN.

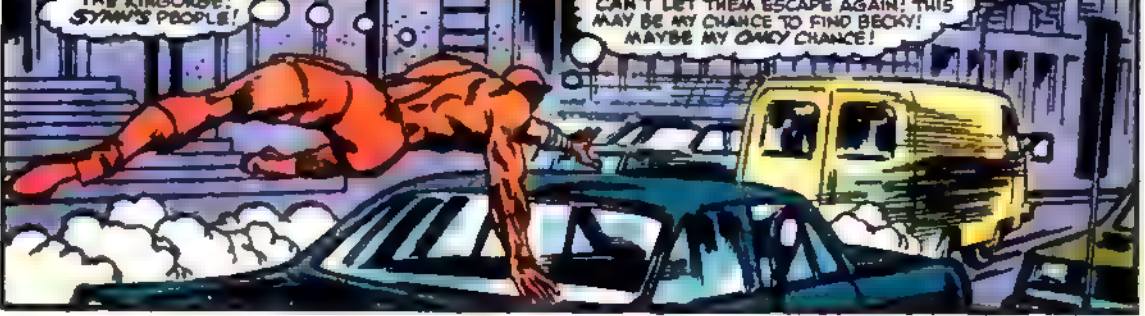
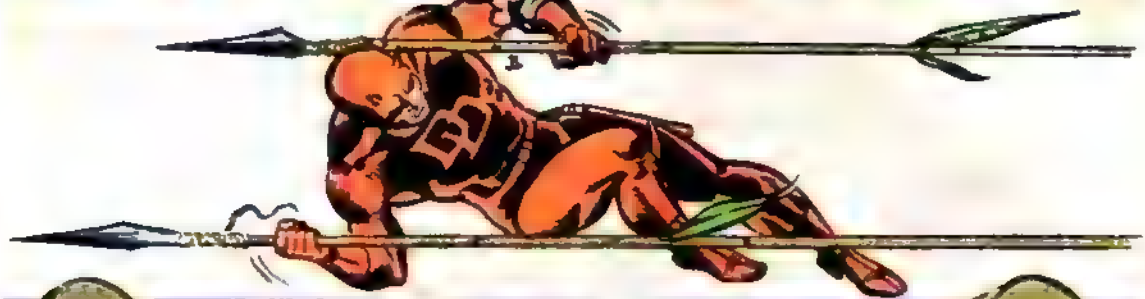
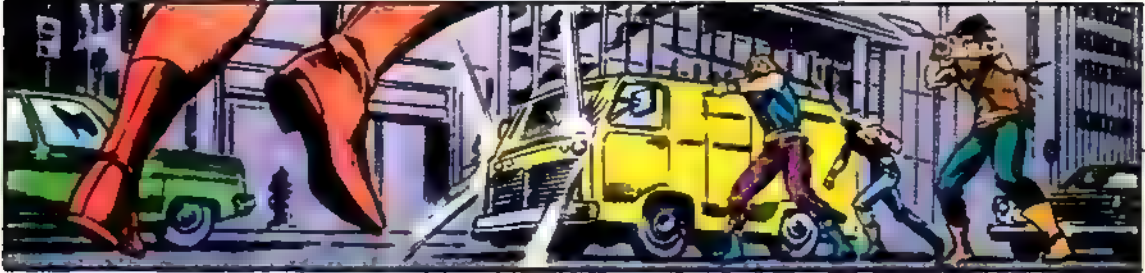


THEY'RE FORCING A WOMAN INTO A VAN!

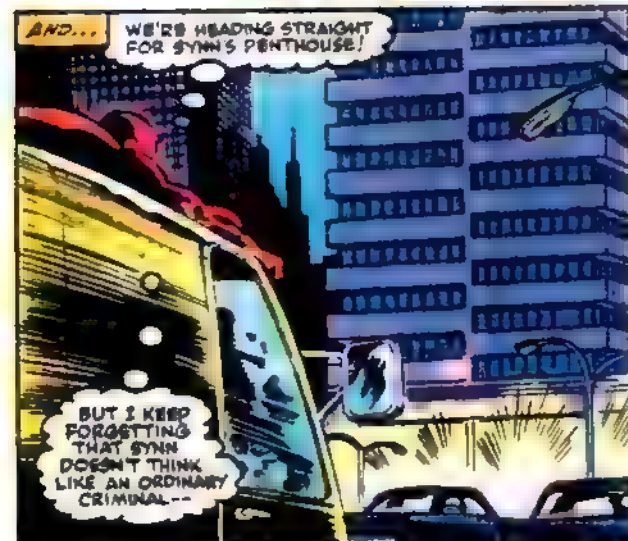
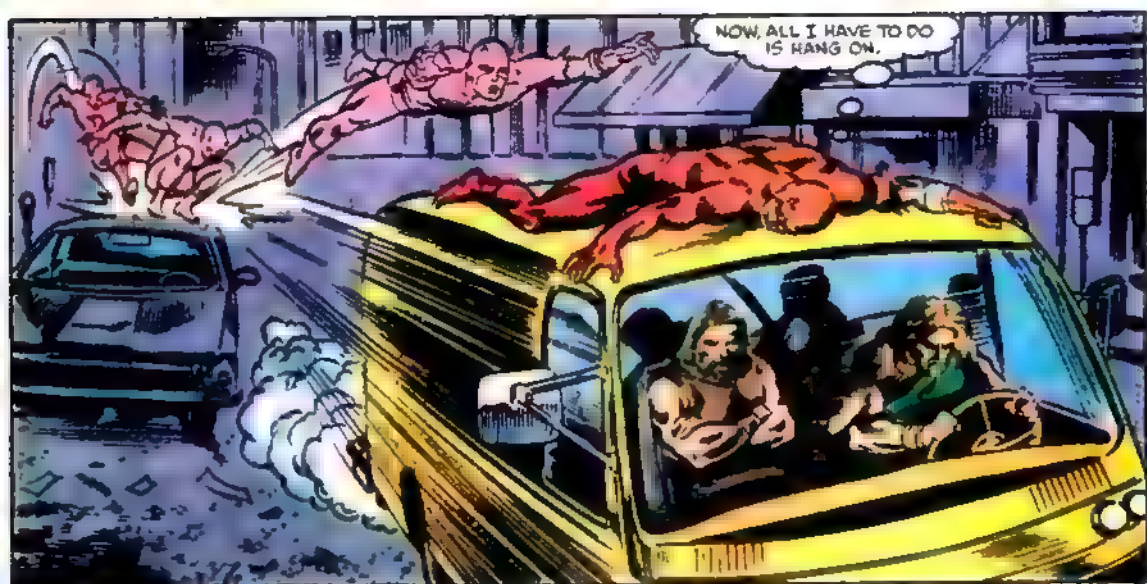


ANOTHER KIDNAPPING!













-- COME DOWN  
OFF THERE  
NICE AND  
SLOW!

TRYIN' A SNEAK PAST US HUH?

GUESS YOU DIDN'T  
BELIEVE IT WHEN THE  
JUDGE SAID YOU GOTTA  
STAY CLEAR OF SYNTH!

\* MICAH SYNTH GOT A TEMPORARY  
RESTRAINING ORDER AGAINST  
D.D. LAST ISSUE -- BOB.



YOU  
CRAZY?

I OWED  
HIM ONE.

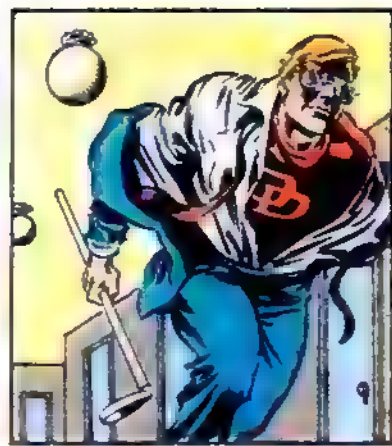


POLICE HAVE SYNTH'S  
BUILDING SURROUNDED.





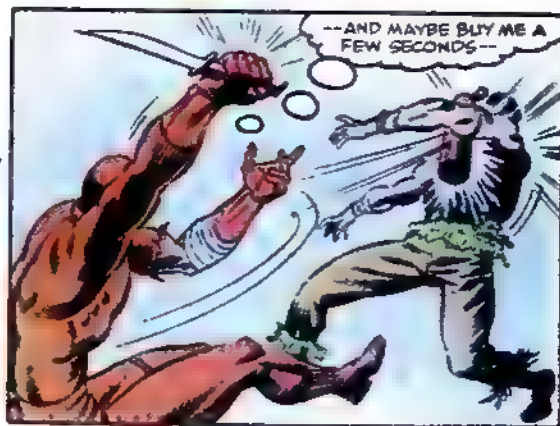








THE SPRAY  
FROM THE EXTINGUISHER  
WILL AT LEAST DIM  
OUT THE TORCHES--



--AND MAYBE BUY ME A  
FEW SECONDS--



--TO FREE THE WOMEN.



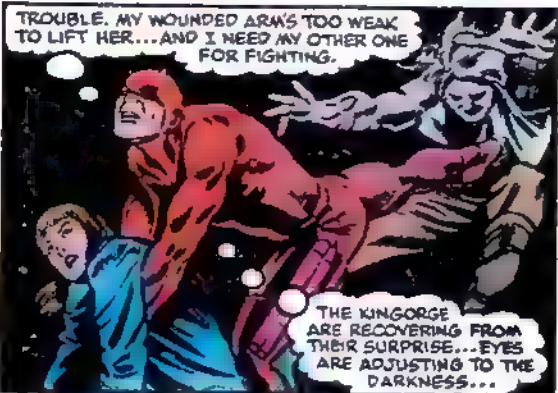
VANESSA... RUN!  
TELL THE COPS ON  
THE STREET WHAT'S  
HAPPENING.

BUT  
BECKY--

I'LL WORRY  
ABOUT HER.



DON'T ARGUE... GO!



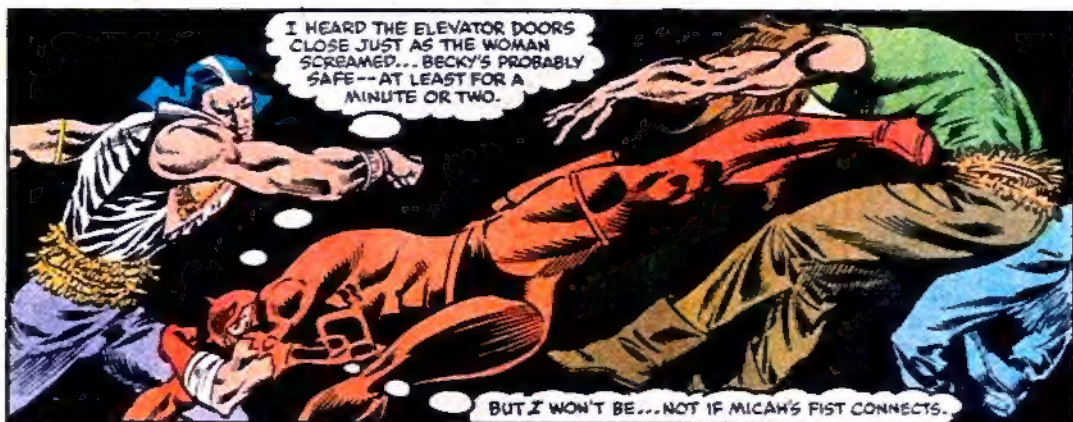
TROUBLE. MY WOUNDED ARMS TOO WEAK  
TO LIFT HER... AND I NEED MY OTHER ONE  
FOR FIGHTING.

THE KINGORGE  
ARE RECOVERING FROM  
THEIR SURPRISE... EYES  
ARE ADJUSTING TO THE  
DARKNESS...

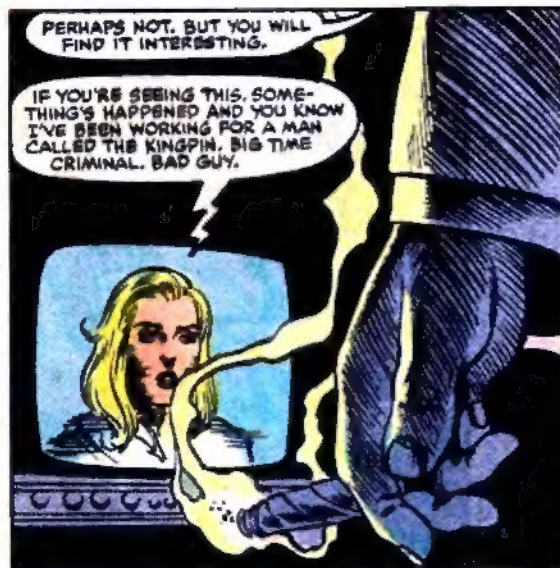














HE HIRED ME TO IMPERSONATE HIS WIFE. VANDESSA'S HER NAME.



AND THAT'S WHY I'M DOING IT. FOR THE MONEY, FOLKS. WHICH IS WHERE I'M AT-- A LADY WHO GETS THE BUCKS. THAT'S ME. 'COURSE, THAT WASN'T ALWAYS THE CASE. I CAME TO NEW YORK WITH A LOTTA IDEAS ABOUT ART--



-- WITH A CAPITAL A. GONNA BE A GREAT ACTRESS, I WAS. GONNA ELEVATE THE MASSES. SURE.



I GUESS THE JOB'S DANGEROUS. BUT IT PAYS TWENTY KAY A WEEK.

SO AFTER TEN YEARS OF HIKING MYSELF AROUND TO EVERY CELEBRITY CASTING OFFICE IN TOWN, KISSING UP TO EVERY SLEAZEBALL WHO CALLS HIMSELF A PRODUCER--

-- WHERE AM I? NO PLACE. ONLY I'M NOT SO DUMB NOW. I KNOW THAT ART AND THE REST OF IT IS A BIG, FAT WHEEL-- NOT REAL ENOUGH TO QUALIFY AS A DREAM-- AND THE DOLLARS ARE ALL THAT COUNTS.



THE DOLLARS AND NUMBER ONE. THAT'S ME.



QUITE A CYNICAL YOUNG WOMAN.

YES, BUT NOT COMPLETELY CYNICAL.

BECAUSE SHE WENT BACK. SHE SACRIFICED HERSELF FOR BECKY.



I WAS TOO BUSY TO PROTECT MY WIFE PROPERLY. THEREFORE, MS. DEVOTO HAD TO BE A TARGET. AND SHE DIED. I REGRET THAT.

I THINK YOU DO REGRET IT, AND I'M SURE MICAH SYNN WOULDN'T.



THAT'S WHY I'M JOINING YOU.



**NEXT ISSUE: THE WAR ON MICAH SYNN.**